

THE WHIP OF CHAOS

*From the Practitioner, the Stranger
and the Man on the Mountain*

77 Aphorisms

by

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1. You are the problem. You are the constant, everlasting problem. Nothing outside you exists as a contradiction to your being. And yet everything that reaches you is interfered with parasite-infested thoughtforms. Momentary madness rather than eternal delirium. Half measures, half ways, half desires. How many pieces of yourself can you cut in half until you're not half of yourself anymore ? Dissolution is nothing but a trap, an easy way out, that provides no more pleasure than a moment of random, tasteless anesthesia.

2. Take the memories from above. Don't expect them to last, just take them as they are. Above and Now is a way back and forth. Once you reached the mountain's top, you'll most likely reach it again, in a million of possible ways, and every timeline has its way. It is your duty to reach your heights again. And again. Until you can't see nothing but the rise.

3. She who resides in the shadow shall not be disturbed by intrusions of brightness. She must remain in obscurity and contemplate the sensuality of darkness. Only remains the senses needed for everlasting exstasis. She who resides in the shadow is the remembrance of lust.

4. In pain he finds light. In light he finds pain. The two sides of the coin repeat themselves in an ironic square dancing. The potentialities of reality out of pain, and the potentialities of reality out of light, are of the same godly natures. Weakness and suffering, struggle and war, are the magickal mirrors making anything «love and light » even remotely efficient.

5. We lay Error in our bed – wake up with Magick on our side. We cry with pride. We smile with shame.
Everything backwards shall be the rule of the absent thoughtforms of organized chaos.

6. Remote viewing from the First Layer.

Exit your body from a nostrill or any hole of your convenience. Rise. See yourself laying, immobile, focused, desincarnated. Just exit through the closest wall. Experience space as a bodyless being and visit the world as a floating, lurking ghost. Come back and repeat.

7. Witness how well the world functions without you being a part of it. This is the Outside, and the Outside doesn't care. The physical world you know about is an addition of words in your mind, an obsessive combination that you expect to be meaningful, even once Meaning has been long lost.

8. There is a great deal of insecurity and fear in those who would like every old traditions to be destroyed or forgotten, in order to create a «new magick » from scratch. Fools for most, often hiding their intricate fear of the old symbols behind a pretended originality and the traditional « fuck you, I do what I want ». Sure, you don't necessarily need to use «old ways » in your magick, but how could you know one of those ways isn't exactly what you need, if you don't bother studying them ?

9. In the secret comfort of Her wound lies a secret whose three letters are K, W, M. It fell upon the author like a storm and lead him to conclude this three words of power were of the most danegerously efficient. K.W.M ! You can scream in the night those words you do not now, you can picture them in all their glory, all their mystery. What good would it do you to Know them ?

10. If you ask for advice, especially in a matter that concerns you inner soul and inner mechanisms, expect nothing but bullshit as feedback. Consider for a minute the little knowledge you have of yourself, and remember those folks have none. You don't even know what to tell yourself, what do you want them to tell you ? The truths are multiple and so are the lies. Sometimes, as you didn't expected it, someone will say something intelligent. If those words resonate physically, remember them. If they don't, just let them pass over you.

11. If walking the path of your Will implies deeper solitude and extraction from the world, then operate the transformation. Don't fear to break bounds. The few ones who matter will remain in the astral, waiting for the return of your social persona inside a body of flesh.

12. When you're trapped in a hole, in the deepest sea of doubts, in an awful immobility, when the anguish is at its most hurtful and powerful heights, just close your eyes and escape the flesh, refuse it, negate it, bannish reality. Make it scream and escape. Fast. If it persists, repeat forever.

13. When you get trapped in someone else's subconscious, and end up in the position were you have to endure his dreams as a passive spectator who knows nothing of his inner self, you can escape by managing your fear into an anthem to absurdity : laugh at the face of the unknown and vibrate « *This Isnt From My Gods* » Loudly. Break the bound.

14. Always focus your soul into sex, into the act, even as it repeats and repeats, never let any sex act be less than sacred ; remember that even the filth is sacred and that in lust as in anywhere, there is no thing such as sin.

15. Abandon yourself to orgasms. Perform to please your godly partner, your godly sphere, your godly self. Sex magick begins with sexual perfection, with absolute harmony.

16. Simultaneous orgasms are the Higher Strength through which all sex magick is performed.

17. Your femininity is sacred and glorious. Your masculinity is doubtful yet determined. The opposite can also be true. The illusion of gender lies on the misinterpretation of a simple truth : there is a feminine and a masculine strength, a feminine and a masculine feeling. They are constantly balanced. The fact that both randomly happens to determine a physical organ doesn't change the fact that inside the Being, both forces are always in action. The rest is a matter of Will.

18. Laugh at whoever tries to shame you or underevaluate your Will because of so called weaknesses. If you do drugs and enjoy them, pay no mind to the brainless moralists that will come and try to save your soul : do your drugs. End up where you end up. Learn from there.

19. This time you lose, posting about the void, connected to the whole world, but so far away from magick.

20. Because there is no such thing as constant connection, in any context, anything rare becoming constant would lose its value. Get off the social media already. Take a piece of paper and write. Express those opinions for themselves, not for the feedback you could get from them.

21. The ego feeds itself. Don't feed it more like an obese dog. Quite the opposite. Try to unfeed this ego-dog. Nothing in it that isn't of the Will, nothing that you can't assure is from the gods shall remain. Unfeed.

22. He remains quiet as the crowd goes by, like an old statue whose eyes can't see anything but the past. Everything moves but him. The noises became, long ago, a continuous, spontaneous drone. He is neither happy or unhappy, pleased or unpleased. He is quite useless now.

23. Magick of actions. Magick of emotions. Magick of impulse. Those are the trances we lay with. Where the forces leads our impulse. The Second Suns of our future. Now.

24. NOW !

Underestimate. Overestimate. Compensate. Forget. Remember. Love. Fuck until you bleed. Keep those fucking dreams alive, alive, alive.

25. My shadow goes without shield. Even the wind can hurt her. No parade clothes on my soul doing the digging. One shouldn't romanticize his own actions too much, they often happen to be ridiculous afterwards.

26. Dig every hole, including the one of the ridiculous. Dig the hole of your blasted, disruptive ego thoughts. Dig the hole of your violence. Fill it.

27. Fill it with all the anger you are capable of, all the hatred you can express. Have no fear, none of the « evil » you could say will be used against you. Just confess in all honesty, to all Higher Beings, the deepest or your morbid, craziest, most twisted fantasies.

28. Admit to your murderous instinct. You are a predator. Accept it. You have to handle your own predation, towards yourself most of all, and others if you're inclined to harm them. You can't shut down what you don't accept as a fact. Accept your shit side, face it, kill it.

29. Once this is done, you can swim deep in love and comfort : you've been the master of your darkest monsters. Now let the loving, bright one out.

30. Kiss her. Lose yourself in her mouth, forget your name around her tongue. Make those bodies a living picture of nirvana, the remorse of a billion souls lost in their age and regrets, make it an image of glorious, instant harmony, a capture of everlasting nostalgia.

31. When I am inside of You and the Above is our domain, When we reach this point when the slightest next move will lead to Explosion, we both look at each others eyes.

32. But doing so, It is Above we look.

33. The space between the starts is what we look at. Something remaining to be filled.

34. Go to all them beings with relentless sincerity. Say everything, don't hide any of your thoughts to anyone who could matter. Awkwardness isn't a danger, it's a gift to see through each other's masks. Use it.

35. Always take people one step further than the place they feel comfortable remaining at. Let their emotions flow through yours. Let them show themselves naked, when they expected to stay hidden behind a mask or another. Tear down all masks. They'll thank you for it.

36. Let the killer inside you breathe and think. Don't oversilence him. Let him ramble and scream. Otherwise, you'll likely end up killing something.

And now, only the stranger is talking.

37. Magick will break your knees, and there will be blood.

38. When researching the occult, if you don't understand a certain important book you're reading on a certain important subject, don't get hurt in your little ego, close this book, and just go read another good, simpler one on the same subject. Then, you'll come back to this one with your eyes wide open.

39. Don't ever fear your ignorance. Just destroy it day after day. Sometimes, it will require doing things that will seem below you, below your capabilities. If it leads to more power, do them anyway.

40. If you happen to humiliate yourself for your True Will, appreciate this blessing, this gift of sensible sincerity, absolute, open human truth. Contemplate the beauty of your weaknesses and make them look like glorious fucking tigers.

41. Everything Glorious ? Boredom from glory. Boredom from excitement. Boredom from Company. Boredom from regular-pay jobs. Boredom from average weak loves. Boredom from your sorry, pityfull self, inhable to manifest anything. This one never opened himself, and now he shall live in the Grey World of Boredom where counting sheeps never leads you to sleep, but to more sheep.

42. Shall we remain in this loving blue light while they burn outside ?

43. Wait. There's someone at the gate, and the two columns shine.

44. «Brothers, *the Man from the Mountain has arrived* » They gather around him as he embrace the crowd, smiles, and suddenly shouts :

45. LEAVE ME SOME FUCKING SPACE ALLREADY !

46. Respecting his wisdom, the crowd stepped backwards. Some of them suddenly remembered why they were here. The Temple remained silent for a while, also, the city was still burning outside.

47. You poor, simple minded fucks. Social media is quite fine and dandy, but if it becomes your primary source of life, your primary source of enjoyment and communication, then it is nothing but a parasite infesting your brain. You lost yourself to a technological entity whose only purpose is to play with your ego.

48. How, my little dear ones, how do you appreciate being your ego's slave ?

49. You shall call me the day you see someone spending 17 hours a day online and performing effective magick. I demand to see this. I never did so far.

50. I tear apart as much as I build, and this is nothing but an antenna for my thoughts a free window for my growing madness, and embryonic source of perpetual art and growth. RISE !

51. It's true that I feed from you ! Not by substance itself, but simple intuition, a look, the sudden light in your eye and the glowing piece of smile on your face, you say something, I answer, the ball comes and goes and our voices resonate in the void. We feed.

52. Where I come from, we can see far away. Look from above. Get perspective. Where I come from, we can go from deep sadness to pure joy in the third of a second. Switch. Learn to Dominate it. Or die.

53. Bondage expands the power of sex magick in an obvious way for the obvious reason that it's a sex practice of expanded minds, that gather in its inner workings the same path than the one of initiation.

54. Domination without ego. Submission without shame. Domination with restraint. Submission with pride. Losing oneself into both ephemary and everlasting pleasure. There above strength always grows. Love with a strong hand.

55. Dominate your magick like you would dominate a partner you love. Firm strength, strong intent, genuine care, acceptance of flaws and limits, possibilities to go beyond. It is all the same path. Work it. Open those legs.

56. Drink half of the wine from the glass and pour the rest on the floor. Say « *this wine is lost forever and shall be forgotten* ». Pour more wine into your glass. Drink it. Pour more wine on the floor. Say « *this wine is forever in the astral and shall remain sacred* ». Drink one more time. Pour one more time. Say « *which of these is the truth ? Only the one I will remember most.* ».

57. Pour a last bit of wine on the floor and say « *Drink, floor. You earned it.* »

58. You do not are the fucking therapist of the people you read Tarot for. Learn to set boundaries in where the conversation can stop, or they'll bring you into the depths of their lives, a place where you do not need to be more than the cards and your own intuition as a medium decides.

59. One of the existing planets is your own god, more than any other, and can help you. Look for it and find it. Use the Sephiroths as guidance. Then Worship him, or her, in love.

60. I have no guidance or advice to offer. I merely put thoughts together to desorganize a potentially organized system.

61. I am the destroyer of routine and boredom.

62. Let you walk with me in delirium and pride. We shall kiss the stars until after the sun rises. Nights and nights and nights, until we're either definitely blind, or fully awake.

63. Pleasures screaming at the moon. Now we shall rest. You've been good. Tomorrow, it'll be time to manifest another tomorrow. And then proceed, to more pleasure, to another orgasm, and to another world. Another, everlasting tomorrow.

64. But at least, make it worth the ride.

65. Obsessed you are, obsessed you'll remain. Waking up in the morning surrounded by the shadow of doubt. Where is the Will now ? Did he died in the night ? Surround yourself with force then, VE-GEURAH, surround yourself with self-created light, and make your will go back to you at once. Perform !

66. I am what remains after all the rest failed or fell. In the ruins, I shall take you into my arms, and share our powerless, godly omnipotence : as long as we can't use it, and forever once we can.

67. The fact your opinion is complete bullshit doesn't necessarily means I already hate you. Chill out. You need people to disagree with you. How the fuck will you reinforce your hability to debate if you only talk with people sharing the same views. Confront. And then, see if you're bullshit positions stands.

68. If we Rise together we shall share all secrets, and leave no mystery unfold. We shall talk about K.W.M and try to understand.

69. Help me once, show yourself, drop the mask, and I'll love you forever.

70. This is the modulated song of a disturbed mind. It requieres no objectivity to be true. It is the truth of the instant and ot the instinct. Deal with it as you want. Be careful what you read for.

71. I'd do anything to help you rise and shine. My love for individual human beings is equivalent to my hate toward the societies they form. Just love the beings, an despise the systems. Souls last longer. Souls loves better.

72. Just show yourself already and stop hiding. We are not cannibals yet.

73. Somehow, we can still help. Thinking that pain is everlasting is just as stupid as thinking that joy is everlasting. On a practical, physical level, we can only endure until it changes. But ALL is in the way we endure. You can build whole worlds in your mind.

74. Other timelines, other mountains, other joys.

75. GET OUT you can always GET OUT !

76. I lay hidden among the leaves, and it is fine

77. This is how ends our song and dance. Remain silent for a minute. **K.W.M !** Power be upon you, you my reader, who went through this disorder, all the way.